



When a man's life hangs on keeping his nerve.

HE WAS neither malicious nor bloodthirsty. It was only that he had conceived a very special idea of the pleasures of existence. Perhaps it was that, having tried them all, he no longer found the thrill of the unexpected in any of them.

He went to the theater, not to follow the plot, or to look through his opera-glasses at the spectators, but because he hoped that some day a fire might break out. At the fair of Neuilly he visited the various menageries in anticipation of a catastrophe: the tamer attacked by the beasts. He had tried bull-fights, but soon tired of them; the slaughter appeared too well regulated, too artificial, and it disgusted him to watch suffering.

What he was always looking for was the quick and keen anguish caused by some unexpected manner, some new kind of accident; so much so that, having been at the Opéra Comique on the night of the great fire, from which he escaped unhurt; that having been a couple of steps from the cage the day the celebrated Fred was devoured by his lions, he lost almost all interest in theaters and menageries. To those who were astonished at this apparent change in his tastes, he replied:

"But there's nothing more to see there. They don't give me the slightest sensation. All that I care for is the effect produced in others and on me."

When he was deprived of these two favorite pleasures—it had taken him ten years to get what he wanted from them—he fell into a state of mental and physical depression, and for some months rarely left his house.

THEN came a morning when the walls of Paris were covered with multi-colored posters that showed, on an azure background, a curious inclined track which came down, wound round, and fell like a ribbon. Up

at the top, tiny as a dot, a cyclist seemed to be waiting for a signal to rush down the giddy descent. At the same time the newspapers gave accounts of an extraordinary feat that explained the meaning of this weird picture.

It seemed that the cyclist dashed down the narrow path at full speed, went up round the loop, then down to the bottom. For a second during this fantastic performance he was head downward, his feet up in the air.

The scribbler invited the press to come and examine the track and the machine as that they might see there was no trickery about it, and he explained that his ability to perform the feat was due to calculations of extreme precision, and that, so long as he kept his nerve, nothing could prevent its accomplishment.

Now it is certain that when the life of a man hangs on keeping his nerve, it hangs on a very insecure peg!

Since the appearance of the advertisement, our maniac had recovered some of his good humor.

He went to the private demonstration, and becoming convinced that a new sensation awaited him, was in a seat on the first night to watch closely this looping the loop.

He had taken a box that faced the end of the track, and he sat there alone, not wishing to have near him anyone who might distract his close attention.

The whole thing was over in a few minutes. He had just time to see the black speck appear on the whiteness of the track, a formidable spurt, a plunge, a gigantic bound, and that was all. It gave him a thrill, swift and vivid as lightning.

BUT as he went out, with the crowd he reflected that though he might feel this sensation twice or three, it must eventually pass, as all the others had done. He had not found what he was looking for. Then came the thought that a man's nerve has limitations, that the strength of a bicycle is, after all, only relative, and that there is no track of the kind, however secure it may seem, that may not some time give way. And he arrived at the conclusion that it was inevitable that some day an accident must occur.

From this to deciding to watch for that accident was a very small step.

"I will go to see this looping of the loop every night," he decided. "I will go till I see that man break his head. If it doesn't happen during this three months in Paris I will follow him elsewhere till it does."

For two months, every evening at the same time, he went to the same box and sat in the same way. The management had grown to know him. He had

taken the box for the whole period of the turn, and they wondered vainly what could account for this costly whim.

ONE evening, when the scribbler had gone through his performance earlier than usual, he saw him in a corridor and went up to him. There was no need for an introduction.

"I know you already," said the bicyclist. "You are always at the hall. You come every night."

Surprised, he said:

"It is true I am deeply interested in your performance . . . But who has told you so?"

The man smiled:

"No one. I see you."

"That is very surprising. At such a height . . . at such a moment . . . your mind is sufficiently free to pick out the spectators down below?"

"Certainly not. I don't see the spectators down below. It would be extremely dangerous for me to pay any attention to a crowd that moves and chatters. In all matters connected with my profession, in addition to the turn itself, it's theory and practice; there is something else, a kind of trick . . ."

He started,

"A trick?"

"Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean trickery. I mean something of which the public has no suspicion, something that is perhaps the most delicate part of the whole performance. Shall I explain? Well, I accept it as a fact that it is not possible to empty the brain till it contains but one idea, impossible to keep the mind fixed on any one thought. As complete concentration is necessary, I choose in the hall some one object on which I fix my eyes. I see nothing but that object. From the second I have my gaze on it, nothing else exists. I get on the saddle. My hands gripping the bars, I think of nothing; neither of my balance, nor my direction. I am sure of my muscles; they are as firm as steel. There is

only one part of me I am afraid of: my eyes. But once I have fixed them on something, I am sure of them as well. (Continued on page 62)



"I will go till I see that man break his head if it takes three months."

